

## OL' PICKETT'S NELL.

Feel more 'an ever like a fool  
Sence Pickett's Nell come back from school.  
She oucet wuz twelve and me eighteen  
(No better friends you never seen):  
But now—oh, my!  
She's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,  
'Nd 'farnin'—she jes knows it all.  
She's eighteen now, but I'm so slow  
I'm wuz six year ago.  
Six year! Waa! waa! don't seem a week  
Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek.  
She fetched th' cattle home at night,  
Her hangin' to my jacket tight.  
But now—oh, my!  
She rides in Pickett's new coopay  
Jes like she'd been brought up that way,  
'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen—  
Th' mostest like I ever seen.  
She neter tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease  
Me for to take her 'nd kiss her;  
Then tred me out 'th Margey's Daw,  
'Nd 'farnin' tell my throat wuz raw.  
But now—oh, my!  
She sets up this way—kinder proud,  
'Nd neter nags laughs out loud.  
You w'd n't hardly think she's Ned's  
Ned ever see-sawed on my knee.  
'Nd sometimes, 'nd at noon I'd choose  
To find a shady place 'nd snooze;  
I'd wake with buds in my hair  
'Nd elderberries in my ear.  
But now—oh, my!  
Somebody said ('t wuz yesterday):  
'Let's hev some fun wile Ned's away!  
'Let's turn his jacket inside out!  
But Nell—she'd jes turn red 'nd pout.  
'Nd once when I wuz dreamin'—like,  
A-brownin' 'lornas in th' dille,  
She put her arms clean round my head,  
'Nd whispered soft: "I like you, Ned."  
But now—oh, my!  
She curtesied so stiff 'nd grand,  
'Nd neter oucet held out her hand.  
'Nd called me "Mister Edward!" Laws!  
Thet ain't my name, 'nd neter wuz.  
'Nd then 'at knowed 'er years ago  
Jes laughed 't see 'er put on so;  
'Nd it wuz often talked, 'nd said:  
'Nell Pickett's jes cut out for Ned!  
But now—oh, my!  
She held her purty head so high,  
'Nd skedawled me 'nd goin' by—  
I w'd n't dast 'ndore last night  
A-purposely come near her sight.  
Last night—'Ez I wuz startin' out  
To git th' cows, I heard a shout;  
'Nd, sure ez shoot, she wuz thar,  
A-settin' on ol' Pickett's mair;  
'Nd she said: "Cried for all th' week  
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;  
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said:  
'Thet days wuz happy, wuzn't they Ned?"  
Th' folks wuz talkin' 'v'rywhere  
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,  
'Nd seemed 't me like they wuz right,  
Afore th' cows come home last night.  
But now—oh, my!  
—Mather Dean Kimball, in Century.

## A SPLENDID JOKE.

Though It Did Not Wind Up According to Programme.

"By George! it'll be capital fun!"  
"But won't they 'smoke' it?"  
"Not they; the train's too well laid,  
and only needs touching off."  
The speakers were Guy Riggs and Seth Norton, two of a knot of hilarious students, so-called a non studendo—that is, by the rule of contraries. George Wells and Hiram West, a couple of their chums, were the theme of discourse.  
George and Hiram were both "attentive" to the same young lady, and were thought, in consequence, to be as jealous as "the Moor," if not more so, and nearly as b'ody-minded.  
The first of April was at hand; and it would be a rich joke, Guy and Seth and the rest of them thought, if the rival lovers could be hoaxed into calling one another out that day, and making themselves ridiculous by firing blank cartridges at each other, all the while believing they were exchanging bullets.

To work the thing up no end of tale-bearing was resorted to. George was told that Hiram had cast reflections on his character—that they were could not be divulged without a breach of confidence—entirely beyond the pale of Christian forgiveness, while Hiram was given to understand that George had said things of him, which the informer forbore to repeat, lest bloody consequences should follow.

And so back and forth reports were carried, each more atrocious than its predecessor, and still more darkly vague and indefinite.

It was in the days when people thought there was a logical connection between wounded honor and wounds of the flesh, and that however grossly a gentleman insulted you to-day, he made you ample reparation if he shot you through the thorax for it to-morrow.

On the morning of the first, George received a note, purporting to be from Hiram West, inviting him to a hostile meeting at two o'clock that afternoon, naming a place likely to afford security against interruption.

"It will be unnecessary to reply to this," the note concluded, "as no other satisfaction will be accepted for the injury you have done me than that usually recognized among gentlemen, 'if you are as ready to back your scandalous words as you have been to utter them, be present at the time appointed, with a friend, and armed.'"

Hiram West, "About the same time Hiram received a similar missive, signed 'GEORGE WELLS.' Both notes, we may add, had been written by Guy Riggs, who possessed a precocious aptitude for forgery, which, unless speedily corrected, bade fair to land him in State prison one day.

"They'll be sure to choose some of us as seconds," said Guy; "and we'll keep 'em popping away till the powder gives out, shortening the distance every other fire, and in the end, call them a brace of April-fools, and laugh them off the ground."

"But suppose they choose other seconds, not in the secret," suggested one more timid than the rest, "harm may come of it."

"Pshaw! you croaker," retorted Guy;

"whom can they get? There's nobody out of the secret but Tom Strait and Stephe Blithers, and they're both Sunday-school teachers. Besides, some of us will be near enough to prevent mischief."

Sure enough, Guy Riggs received an early call from George Wells, who very privately and with many injunctions of secrecy, confided to Guy his engagement for two o'clock, requesting him to be present as his friend on the occasion.

"We had better go separately," said George; "it will be less likely to attract attention."

"Quite right," answered Guy, gravely; and the two parted.

A like interview, with the like result, took place between Hiram West and Seth Norton.

The two seconds then returned to their companions and reported progress; and the fun they were all going to have was "discounted" by laughing over it in advance. It was settled that the whole crowd should be on hand—all but Guy and Seth keeping out of sight, but near enough to hear and see every thing.

"What's this?" exclaimed Guy, his eyes glancing over a note placed in his hand. He read:

"Having an intimation that suspicious are afoot, and not being able to find you at the moment, I have taken in your place Stephe Blithers, through whom I have arranged to have the affair to come off an hour sooner. I shall be off, and probably all will be over before this reaches you. If we never meet again, farewell."

"Confound the fool!" broke out Guy, snatching up his hat.

"Confound the pair of them!" joined in Seth, when he had torn open and read another note, of which he was the recipient. "Here's that donkey Hiram gone off with that poke of a Tom Strait, who has no more idea of a joke than the late Euclid had."

"There'll be murder done—that's all," lugubriously whined the timid young man.

With one accord, in the faint hope

that they might yet be in time to prevent the dire consequences of their folly, they sallied forth like a flock of frightened sheep, Guy Riggs taking the lead as bell-wether.

Puffing and panting, they came in sight of the place. Thank Heaven, they were not too late! The combatants stood in their places, pistols in hand.

"Hold! hold! for Heaven's sake!" shouted Guy.

"Hold on, I say!" bellowed Seth Norton; "it's all a blamed hoax."

But before the word was uttered, Blithers waved his handkerchief, and both pistols went off together.

Hiram remained standing, but poor George fell heavily to the ground.

The two seconds were stooping over him when Guy and his companions reached the spot.

"Poor fellow! It's all over with him," said Blithers, in the solemn tone he was accustomed to use in addressing his class—"shot through the lungs, and bleeding inwardly."

"He must be got to his room without delay, and a doctor summoned," said Tom Strait.

The wounded man, who seemed insensible to what was passing, was gently raised up and placed in a carriage in waiting, which was driven off, Blithers accompanying his unfortunate friend, whom he tenderly supported in his arms.

"And now, gentlemen," said Tom Strait, "it's my opinion the sooner we get away from here the better. The authorities will be here in a trice, and every man on the ground will be arrested; and," shaking his head, "I need hardly say it's a bad piece of business."

"For a Sunday-school teacher to be engaged in," was the retort on the top of more than one tongue; but Guy and his companions felt that they were most of all guilty, and were silent.

"Of course, my friend and myself must leave the country at once," Tom proceeded; "but some of you must break the news to poor Katie King without delay. It would quite kill her if she heard it without preparation."

Hiram West stood like one horrified at a deed the enormity of which he had been unable to realize till after he had committed it. When his friends took him by the arm, he suffered himself to be led away, whither he seemed neither to know nor care.

The others had lost no time in quitting the fatal spot. A batch of young Cains they felt themselves, whose brother's blood, while they remained there, kept crying against them from the ground.

The task of breaking the news to Katie was voted to Guy Riggs. He would gladly have shirked it; but he was most to blame, the others said, and it was his duty, and couldn't deny it.

Though Katie was somewhat of a coquette, and, from time to time, had encouraged, more or less, the advances of both George and Hiram, it was commonly understood that the former was her favorite, and Guy's heart sank as he came into her cheerful presence, the conscious bearer of so fearful tidings.

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Riggs?" said Katie, after a glance at his face. "You look as doleful as a paid mourner at a funeral."

The word made him start.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"You—you—what?" asked Katie.

"I—I have sad news to tell."

"Tell it, then; it'll not improve by keeping."

He could not accuse her of levity, though her words sounded like it, for she was yet in ignorance of the sorrowful truth.

"George Wells—" he began again.

"Well, what of him?"

"He has met with a serious accident."

Katie covered her face with her

hands, and seemed convulsed with emotion.

"He's mortally wounded!" Guy blurted out.

Katie became still more convulsed, but it was with laughter, which she rang out, silvery peal after peal, whereat Guy stood amazed, till another laugh, louder and less silvery, recalled him. It came from the throat of George Wells, who suddenly appeared on the scene in remarkably good case for a man with a bullet in his lungs.

"You see," said George, slapping Guy on the shoulder, "we 'smoked' your little plot, Hiram and I, and with the assistance of Kate here, and our two serious friends, Strait and Blithers, did a little counterplotting."

The most April-foolish looking man to be seen that day was Guy Riggs—N. Y. Ledger.

## GENIUS AND CRIME.

A Mental Disease Characterized by a Total Absence of Delusions.

While it is fully recognized by medical men that genius and insanity are sometimes curiously intertwined in the same person, or are displayed in closely connected members of the same family, it is not so easy to trace the connection between these mental conditions and those sinful or criminal acts which are apt to be committed by persons so organized. The medical profession recognizes forms of affection or moral insanity in which the capacity to govern the emotions is in abeyance. In this phase of mental disease a marked feature is the absence of delusions; hence the conflict of opinion between the medical and legal aspects which often arises where the question of criminality has to be taken into consideration.

A person is often tried and condemned by the law, but is exonerated and protected by medical judgment which is permitted to supersede legal judgment.

Thus the condemned criminal escapes the gallows, becomes an object of pity and commiseration, is protected by and at the expense of the State, and saved henceforth from further harm to himself or others. He may have been—nay, indeed often is—a person of the highest talent, or genius.

Rev. William Dodd, a canon of the church, the unfortunate English divine who was executed on the 27th of June, 1777, for forgery, after trial at the Old Bailey, is an instance of the insufficiency of the law acting apart from medical judgment, which unfortunately in those days had not acquired the authority it now possesses. In our day, where doubt exists, the law leans to the side of mercy, that quality which is "twice blessed."

Where the acts of the subject of moral mania are criminal, the question of his responsibility is settled with much difficulty, even when, as in such cases, every opportunity of investigation is afforded. How much more difficult, then, must it be to arrive at a right judgment in those cases of moral mania where the acts are sinful, but not criminal. The law does not come to his rescue. He is not the subject of delusions, yet his acts are the acts of "madness, not badness." He may inflict on himself the punishment of degradation and ruin, and life-long misery on those previously near and dear to him. He bears the scorn of former friends, and in his lucid intervals feels it keenly.

But when the impulse is on him nothing but the absolute control of others is sufficient to check his wayward career. The influence of religion may have some weight on him, but unfortunately it is too frequently the case that the strongest faith is inadequate to stay the downward course.

Men are apt to judge their fellow-men uncharitably, and to deal harshly with them, believing them to be capable of exercising restraint over themselves, while all the time nothing short of enforced restraint and medical treatment can avail.

## A PECULIAR INDUSTRY.

Raising of Kids for Their Skins by French Mountaineers.

The raising of kids for their skins is a principal industry among the French mountaineers, and it supplies no small part of their subsistence. Softness, delicacy of texture and freedom from blemish are principal factors in the value of kid skins, and to secure these great pains are taken. Diet is the principal thing, and mother's milk is what keeps the kid in perfect condition for the uses of the glove. As soon as the young animal begins to eat grass the value of the skin declines, for with a grass diet its skin immediately begins to grow coarser and harder in texture, and its chief merit vanishes. It is, therefore, kept closely penned, not only to prevent it from eating grass, but also to secure its skin from accidental injury from scratches, bruises, etc., which are fatal to perfection. When the kids have reached a certain age, at which the skins are in the best condition for the use of the glove, they are killed, and the skins are sold to traveling hawkers, through whom they reach the great centers of the tanning industry at Annanay, Milban, Paris and Grenoble.

The superior quality of these kid skins, due to climatic causes, it is that has given France the supremacy in the manufacture of the finest grades of real kid gloves—a supremacy that will doubtless be long maintained, inasmuch as foreign manufacturers must in general rest content with second-rate skins, unless they maintain agents on the ground, a policy that some English and American houses have found necessary.—Haberdsdasher.

A prisoner's bondman has a baneful influence on him.—Yonkers Statesman.

## TWO CHARACTERS.

Josh Billings on the Hen-Pecked Husband and the Suspicious Man.

## THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

How I do pity the man who is only a second lieutenant in his family, and is liable at any time to looze even that position.

He holds the sacred and responsible office of captain, and yet even the old gray hairs in the kitchen dispizes his orders and laffs in his face.

When he is out in the world he sum-times undertakes to assert his importance and dignity, but every bobby can see he is only whistling to keep up his courage.

His children hav no grater affectshun for him than to pity him, and the world denies him even that poor tribute and treats him with disgust.

The hen-pecked husband is the saddest spectacle I kno ov, thare ain't enuff, ov him left for enny one to lov or to hate.

The meanest tyrant in the world is the woman who feels that she is superior to her husband, and iz determined that every body else should kno it.

I kno lots ov men who are far inferior to their wives in most respects, but the tact and delicasy of the wife makes the poor fellow think, and the world, too, that such another luv of a husband don't kast a shadow on the face of the earth.

## THE SUSPICIOUS MAN.

There are people in this world whose only wisdom konsists in suspekting every thing.

Wherever they happen to be, they always smell mice; and they never swallow an oyster, from the half shell, without wondering if it wazn't a bad one.

If they hear a person praised for his virtue and morality, they hope thare iz no mistake about it.

These kind ov people often possess menny of the virtues; but, as a general rule, he who suspekts everybody else haz but little faith in himself, and wants the clusest kind ov watching.

I think I would rather be swindled every and now then than to lose faith in every thing.

The suspicious man iz a grate sufferer, but he manufaktors most ov his own misery; his grate misfortin iz, that if thare iz enny disaster laying around loose, he iz sure to get both feet into it.

He who always smells trouble iz sure, by and by, to find it.—N. Y. Weekly.

## HE GOT HIS MONEY.

How a Collector Brought a Slow Young Man to Time.

For a year or two past the collector for a certain Detroit tailor has been trying all sorts of pacific ways to get the sum of thirteen dollars out of a young man who has been a debtor for over two years. The collector had been put off a hundred times by promises made to be broken, and he has worked every racket known to the profession without avail. The other evening he happened down at the Third street depot and saw his young man buy a ticket for Chicago.

"So you are going West?" he asked. "Only to Chicago. I'll be back in three or four days, and then I want to pay you that little bill."

"Yes. Going to Chicago on a visit."

"Something of a visit, going to get married?"

"No!"

"Fact. The ceremony takes place at ten o'clock in the morning."

"And you want to be there, of course?"

"I should smile!"

The collector took off his hat, removed his coat, and was peeling off his vest when the other asked him what was up.

"I've been biding my time, and my opportunity has come," he replied.

"How—what?"

"I'm going to light into you. You are the bigger man, and I expect to be licked, but the row will certainly cause both of us to be arrested and taken to the station, and you will thus miss your train. Perhaps I can black your eye, and in that case the marriage can't come off for a week. Put up your dukes!"

"Say, man, you wouldn't be as mean as that?"

"Thirteen dollars or a row!"

"I'll pay you half."

"The whole or nothing. It's my first, last and only chance. Come down or put up."

The young took out his boodle and counted out the amount of his bill, and while he skipped for the train the other calmly donned his garments and left the depot whistling. "I Wonder What My Ma Would Say?"—Detroit Free Press.

## Nothing Left for Them.

First Burglar (keeping watch at back window)—"Wot's the matter, Bill? Wot's scared you back so quick? Any o' the family awake?"

Second Burglar (with extreme disgust)—"Naw! Somebody's been yere ahead of us—that's all. Fust thing I found wuz a receipted bill for new school-books fur six children. Pick up them tools and let's git away. No use wastin' any more time here.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Gastronomical Criticism.

"Here's a pointer for ye, Bill," said a tramp to one of his companions. "Don't never go to that house on the hill yonder."

"Why not?"

"Cause whenever they've got pie they haven't any cheese, and when they've got cheese they haven't any pie. I wouldn't eat at no such place as that."—Merchant Traveler.

## MEXICO'S WEST POINT.

How Cadets Are Trained in the Military School at Chapultepec.

At present about thirty per cent. of the officers of the army are graduates of the national Military College at Chapultepec, where about three hundred cadets constantly are in training, and whence about sixty officers are graduated annually. The course pursued here is similar to that at West Point, and the gradual retirement of the older officers, combined with this constant addition of young officers who have been thoroughly trained in accordance with the best of modern military theories, is having a very marked effect in raising the moral tone of the army and in increasing its practical efficiency. The cadets, as a rule, are drawn from the upper classes of Mexican society, but among them—and this is a very prominent element in the new army—are a number of young fellows whose brown or brownish skins show their native Indian blood. It is a notable and hopeful fact that the native Indians more and more are coming to the front in the government of their own country. Juarez, who, all things considered, was the greatest statesman that Mexico as yet has produced, was an Indian of the pure blood, and President Diaz owes in part to his dash of this fine strain his patient resolution and his steady courage in contending with great difficulties. The presence of these brown-faced lads among the cadets, and of brown-faced men in the national Congress and in the various departments of the government, is a sign of healthy national growth, of which the importance scarcely can be overestimated. As a whole, the cadet battalion presents a fine soldierly appearance; and the individual cadet, as seen on the streets of the City of Mexico on Sundays and feast-days, when off from Chapultepec on all day leave, is as well set-up, soldierly a young fellow as is to be found anywhere. And even the "cockiness" of these spruce lads in their handsome uniforms, while likely to make an old soldier smile a little in a kindly way, is a sign of proper pride in an honorable profession that an old soldier best appreciates and is least disposed seriously to condemn. Pride in the uniform means pride in the service, and is a sign that when the time comes for fighting neither the uniform nor the service will be disgraced. The Chapultepec boys have gallant traditions to sustain them, for in the time of the American invasion they bore a brave part in defending the hill on which their college stands against the assault of Scott's army. At the base of the hill a monument fittingly commemorates the heroism of these young soldiers and eloquently exhibits how well they fought by the long list of names graven upon it of those who that day died. Altogether, the Military College is an institution of which the Mexicans, in the army and out of it, are justly proud; for both in its processes and in its results it is highly creditable to the nation at large. An important adjunct to the college, recently established, is the artillery school, in which officers of that arm take a post-graduate course, and to which officers in the service are detailed for instruction.—Thomas A. Janvier, in Harper's Magazine.

## THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 4.	
CATTLE—Shipping steers.....	3 30 @ 4 62 1/2
Butcher steers.....	3 00 @ 4 35
Nature cows.....	1 50 @ 2 15
HOGS—Good to choice heavy.....	3 75 @ 3 75 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	67 1/2 @ 68
No. 2 hard.....	63 @ 64
CORN—No. 2.....	13 1/2 @ 14
OATS—No. 2.....	12 @ 12 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	33 @ 34
FLOUR—Patents, per sack.....	1 85 @ 2 00
HAY—Baled.....	1 00 @ 1 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery.....	15 @ 21
CHEESE—Full cream.....	6 @ 7
EGGS—Choice.....	17 @ 17 1/2
BACON—Hams.....	10 @ 10 1/2
Shoulders.....	5 @ 6 1/2
Sides.....	7 @ 8
LARD.....	6 1/2 @ 6 3/4
POTATOES.....	20 @ 40

ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Shipping steers.....	4 00 @ 4 80
Butcher steers.....	3 75 @ 4 75
HOGS—Packing.....	3 75 @ 3 80
HEEP—Fair to choice.....	3 60 @ 4 70
FLOUR—Choice.....	3 30 @ 4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	75 1/2 @ 77
CORN—No. 2.....	28 @ 29 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	17 @ 17 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	28 @ 28 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery.....	30 @ 31
PORK.....	11 50 @ 12 50

CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Shipping steers.....	4 00 @ 5 00
HOGS—Packing and shipping.....	4 00 @ 4 15
SHEEP—Fair to choice.....	4 00 @ 5 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat.....	4 40 @ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	78 1/2 @ 79
CORN—No. 2.....	28 @ 29 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	18 1/2 @ 19 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	41 1/2 @ 42
BUTTER—Creamery.....	16 @ 23
PORK.....	9 75 @ 9 75 1/2

NEW YORK.	
CATTLE—Common to prime.....	4 00 @ 4 75
HOGS—Good to choice.....	4 00 @ 4 50
FLOUR—Good to choice.....	4 40 @ 5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	83 @ 84 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	42 @ 42 1/2
OATS—Western mixed.....	14 @ 15
BUTTER—Creamery.....	13 @ 23
PORK.....	12 00 @ 12 25

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"O to be dead and done with the trouble  
That fills each day with a dreary pain."  
This is the mood of many a woman  
Who thinks she can never be well again.  
It is better for me and better for others  
If I were dead, and their tears fall fast.  
Not so, not so, O wives and mothers,  
There is a bow of hope in the sky at last.  
And it tells you that the storm of disease  
Which has spread its shadow over you  
Will give way to the sunshine of renewed health,  
If you are wise, and try Dr. Pierce's Favorite  
Prescription. It can and will effectually  
cure all female weaknesses and derange-  
ments, and no woman who has not tried it  
need despair, for a trial will convince her  
that it